MARVEL

NEW X-MEN®

NEW X-MEN 130

GRANT MORRISON ■ IGOR KORDEY

MARVEL PG

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WEAPON TWELVE

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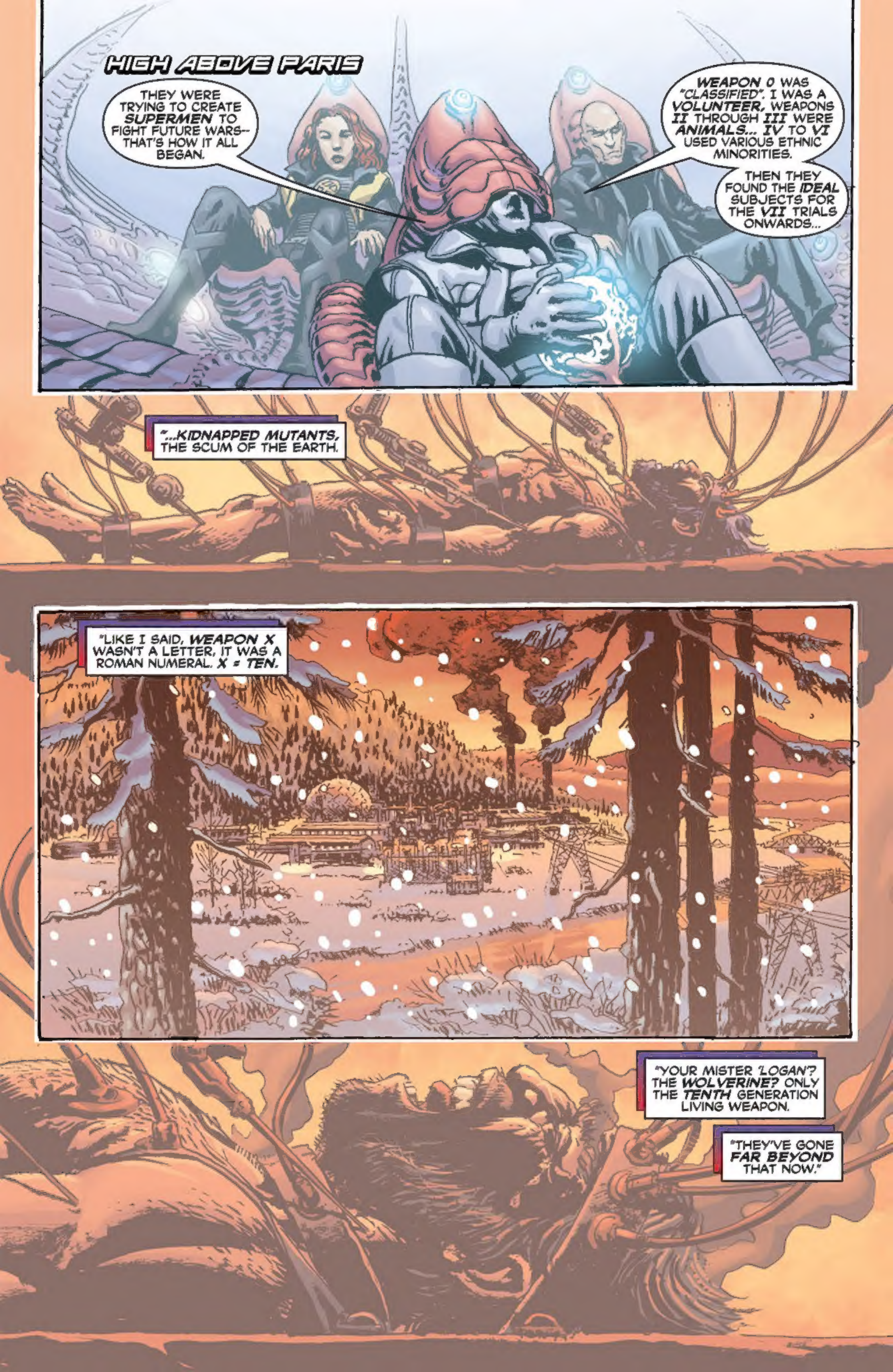
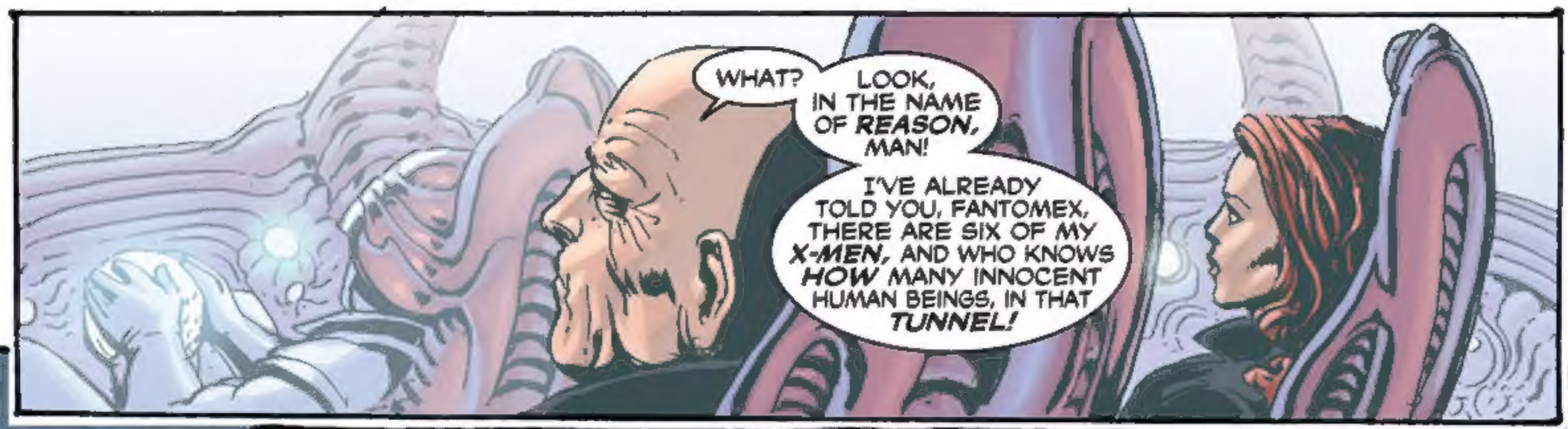
WE
HAVE
NO
PLAN
B
SIRYN!
AH, $%&@! THIS!
COVER YOUR EARS IF YEH DON'T WANT THIS TO BE THE LAST THING YOU HEAR!
WE DON'T EVEN HAVE...
...A PLAN A.
I CAN'T KEEP MULTIPLYING MYSELF... TIRED...
...FALL BACK!
WHAT IS THAT?
WE CAN'T DO ANY GOOD HERE!
FALL BACK!
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MONET AND DARKSTAR?
JAMIE! WHAT THE HELL ARE WE UP AGAINST?

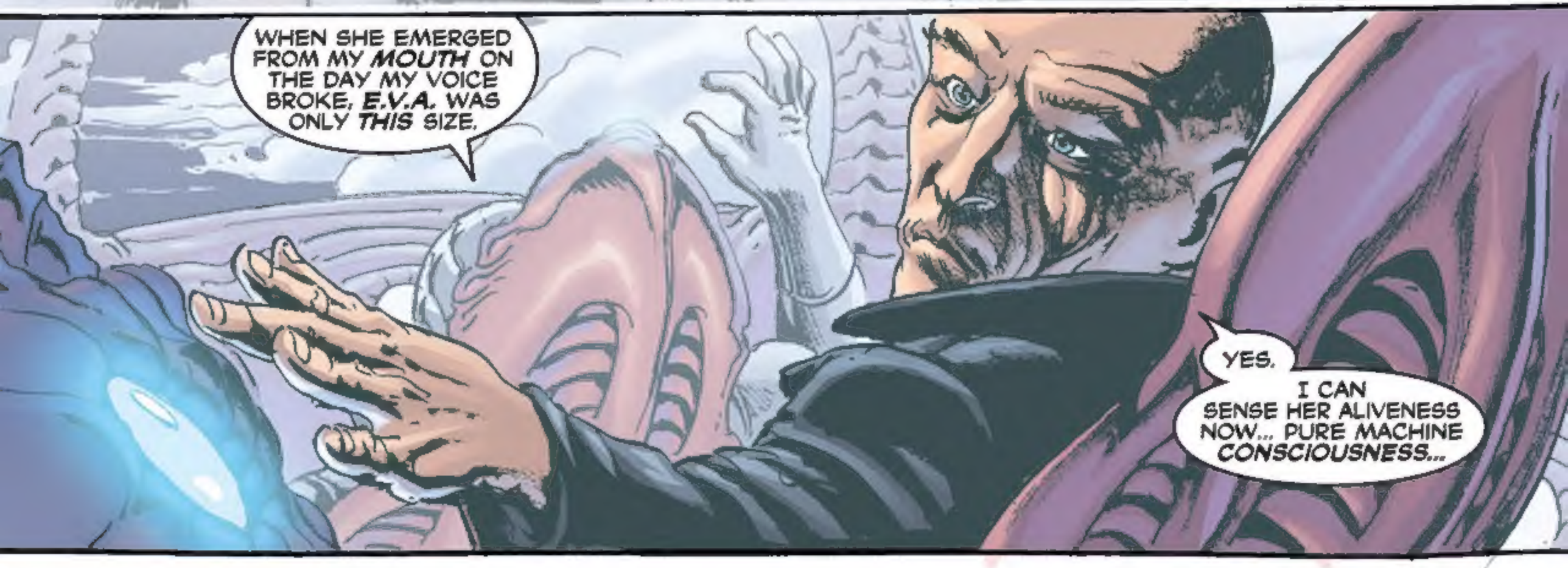

HIGH ABOVE PARIS
THEY WERE TRYING TO CREATE SUPERMEN TO FIGHT FUTURE WARS-- THAT'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN.
WEAPON 0 WAS "CLASSIFIED". I WAS A VOLUNTEER, WEAPONS II THROUGH III WERE ANIMALS... IV TO VI USED VARIOUS ETHNIC MINORITIES.
THEN THEY FOUND THE IDEAL SUBJECTS FOR THE VII TRIALS ONWARDS...
"...KIDNAPPED MUTANTS, THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.
"LIKE I SAID, WEAPON X WASN'T A LETTER, IT WAS A ROMAN NUMERAL. X = TEN.
"YOUR MISTER 'LOGAN'? THE WOLVERINE? ONLY THE TENTH GENERATION LIVING WEAPON.
"THEY'VE GONE FAR BEYOND THAT NOW."

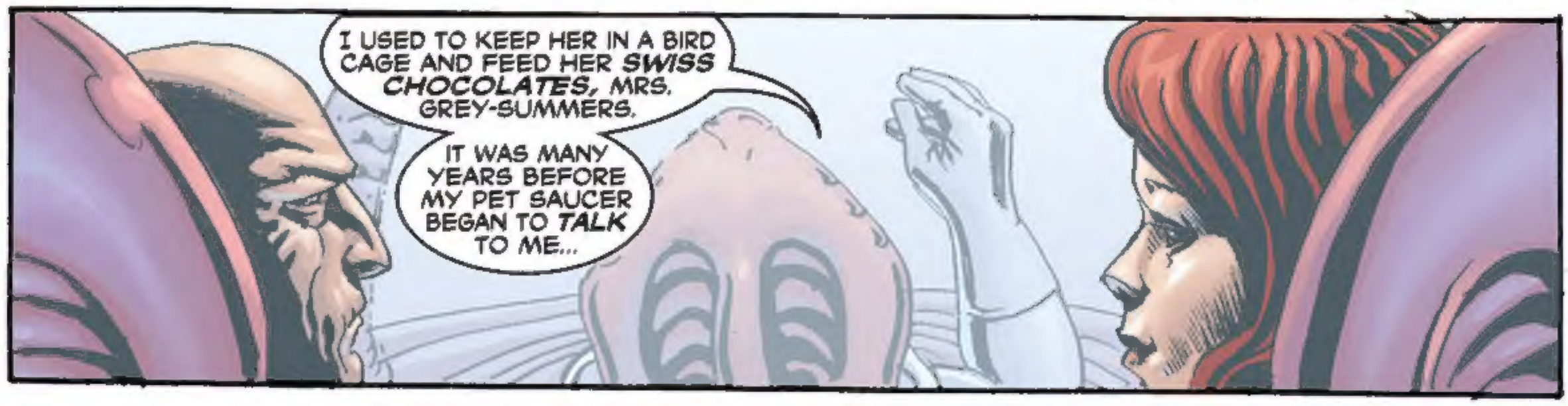

WHAT?
LOOK, IN THE NAME OF REASON, MAN!
I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, FANTOMEX, THERE ARE SIX OF MY X-MEN, AND WHO KNOWS HOW MANY INNOCENT HUMAN BEINGS, IN THAT TUNNEL!

WEAPON XII BECOMES HIS ENEMIES, PROFESSOR XAVIER-- THEY BECOME HIM.
HE'S THE SOLDIER WHO RECRUITS HIS OWN ARMY JUST BY TOUCH...

I DON'T LIKE TO BE RUDE TO ANYONE, BUT I REALLY HAVE TO SAY YOU ARE A VERY OBTUSE AND DIFFICULT MAN, FANTOMEX.
AND THIS VEHICLE...
YOU'RE ONLY FRUSTRATED BECAUSE YOUR TELEPATHY CAN'T GET THROUGH MY SHIELDS, PROFESSOR.
E.V.A. ISN'T A VEHICLE. SHE'S MY PARTNER.

SHE'S MY MUTATION.


WHEN SHE EMERGED FROM MY MOUTH ON THE DAY MY VOICE BROKE, E.V.A. WAS ONLY THIS SIZE.
YES.
I CAN SENSE HER ALIVENESS NOW... PURE MACHINE CONSCIOUSNESS...



FANTOMEX! IS THIS WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT?

OH YES, PROFESSOR...

...WEAPON XII'S MIND SPREADS LIKE A DISEASE INTO WHATEVER HE TOUCHES.

IF YOU NEED HELP, WE'RE HERE TO HELP...
...TO HELP MUTANTS IN TROUBLE... LIKE YOU...
YOU! YOU MUTANT
IN TROUBLE
EEEUUAA!
OH NO, IT'S WORMS! IT'S LIKE WORMS!
DDDUUU
HIS VOICE IS... EATING ME... THINKING MY THOUGHTS...
UUUU!
JEEZ! IT'S A BACTERIAL CONSCIOUSNESS!
SCABBY TOUCH! BIRDS, ANIMALS, PEOPLE... EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES SPREADS HIS THOUGHTS!
SAM, YOU GET THAT?
EVERYTHING THIS GUY TOUCHES BECOMES AN EXTENSION OF HIS BODY!
DON'T LET THEM TOUCH YOU!
OKAY. SO WE JUST BETTER HOPE THAT SHINY SILVER FLYING SAUCER OUT THERE'S ON OUR SIDE, HUH?

NOW, JEAN!

UNHN?
SAM... THEY'RE NOT MOVING...
...THAT'S OUR CUE TO SAVE THE DAY!

I'VE GOT HIM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS... MIND'S A BAG OF WORMS...
...BUT I'M SUSPENDING HIS MOTOR FUNCTIONS TELEKINETICALLY. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I CAN KEEP THIS UP.
THIS IS A VERY WEIRD MIND... IT'S... BENDING AROUND MINE...
DON'T GET TOO WRAPPED UP IN HIS THOUGHT PROCESSES, MRS. GREY-SUMMERS.
THEY ARE ENTIRELY VIRAL.
HE'S ADAPTING TO MY ATTACK.
MILLIONS OF LITTLE BRAINS... ALL THINKING AT ONCE...
THESE ADAPTIVE WAR MACHINES ARE LIKE THAT, BUT YOU CAN PROBABLY PARALYZE HIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FINISH THIS.
THE OFF-SWITCH FOR WEAPON XII IS IN THE TRAIN THAT WAS TRANSPORTING IT, MRS. GREY-SUMMERS-- THEY COULDN'T RISK THE EXPERIMENT GETTING COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND.
TO ME, MY X-MEN.

WEIRD... RICTOR HAS SOME KIND OF NATURAL PSYCHIC DEFENSES AGAINST WEAPON XII'S INFECTION...
...EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY, FOLKS.
UNNH
YOU SAVED SIRYN'S LIFE, SAM.
THAT'S MY JOB, PROFESSOR, SIR.
I THINK I CAN DO MORE, HERE...

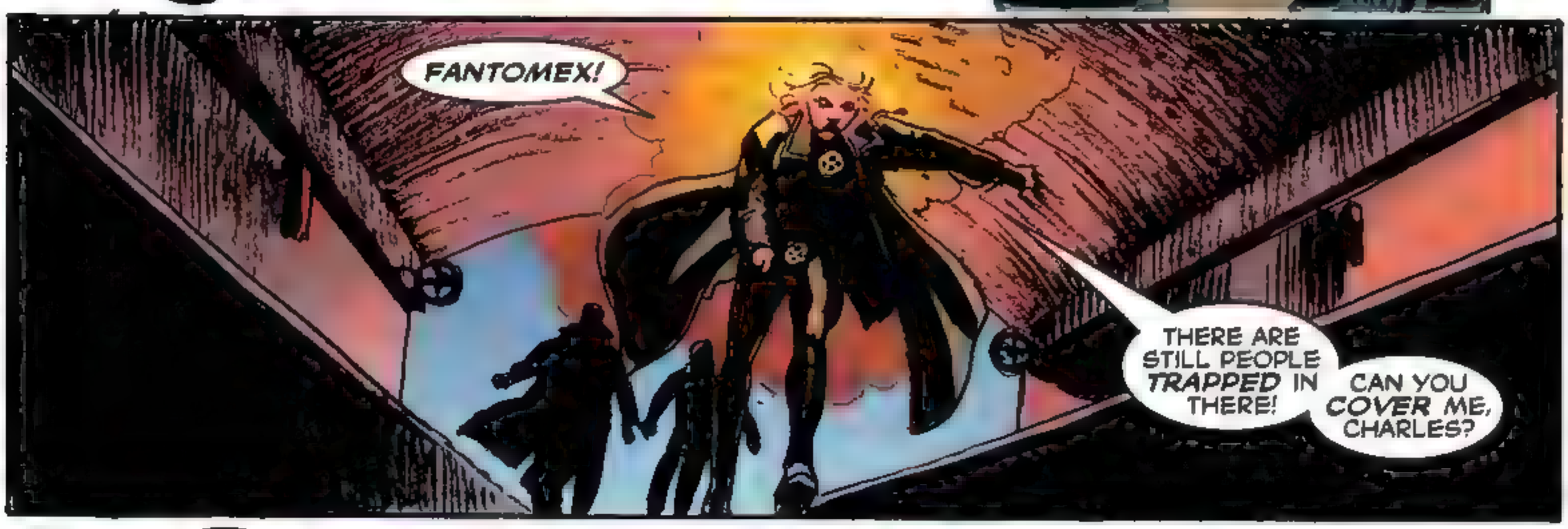
WE'LL CALL IF WE NEED YOU, SAM.
FIRST, I WANT YOU TO GET HER TO SAFETY OUTSIDE-- HER VOCAL CORDS ARE BLEEDING VERY BADLY.

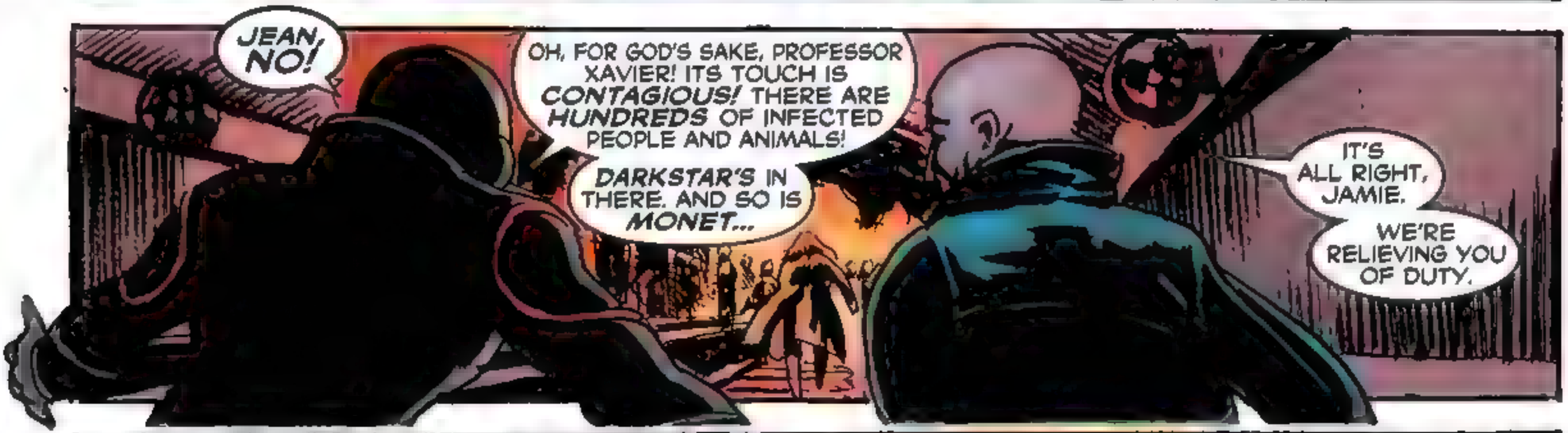
HI, I'M JAMIE MADROX, THE MULTIPLE MAN...
YEAH, GOOD FOR YOU.
ZONA?

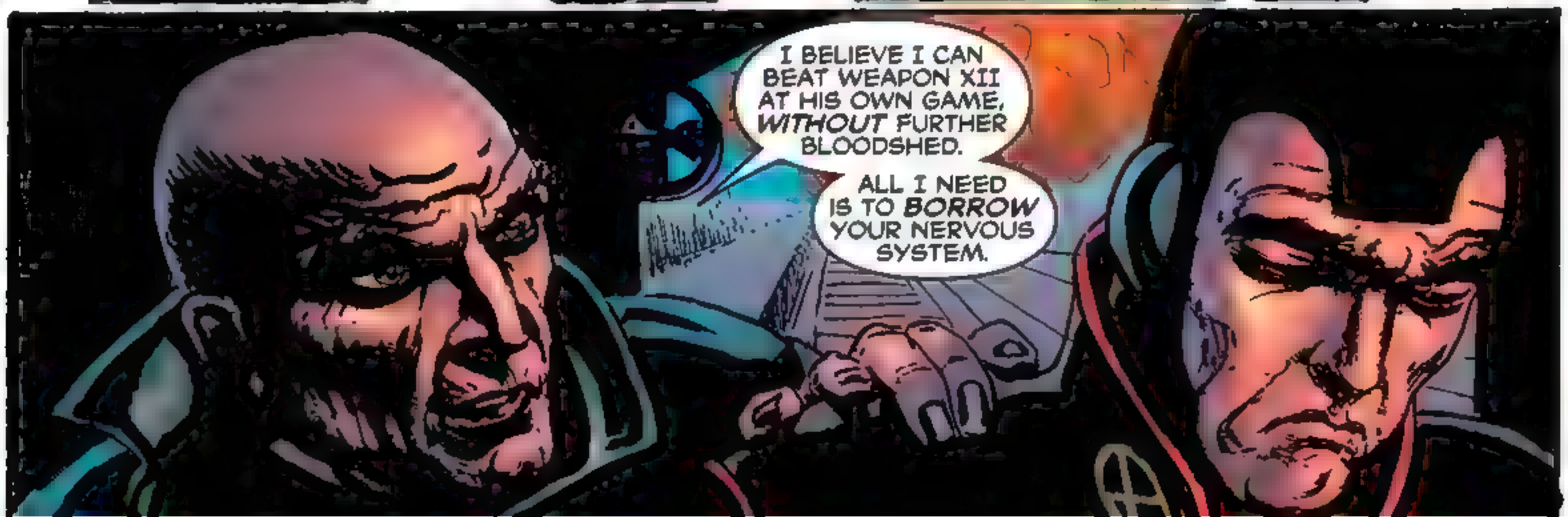
WHAT?
THE GIANT WITH THE EXTERNAL BRAINS.
HIS NAME-- ZONA-CLUSTER 6.
HE HAD A LIFE IN THE WORLD BEFORE THE PROGRAM TWISTED HIM INTO A SUPER-EVOLVED MURDER MACHINE.

WE HAVE TO KILL ZONA NOW BEFORE HE CAN BE RETURNED TO HIS POD AND DEBRIEFED.
I HAVE TO KILL HIM NOW.

BUT HE CAN'T BE KILLED...
...HIS MIND'S FILLED WITH MILLIONS OF MOVING MACHINE PARTS...

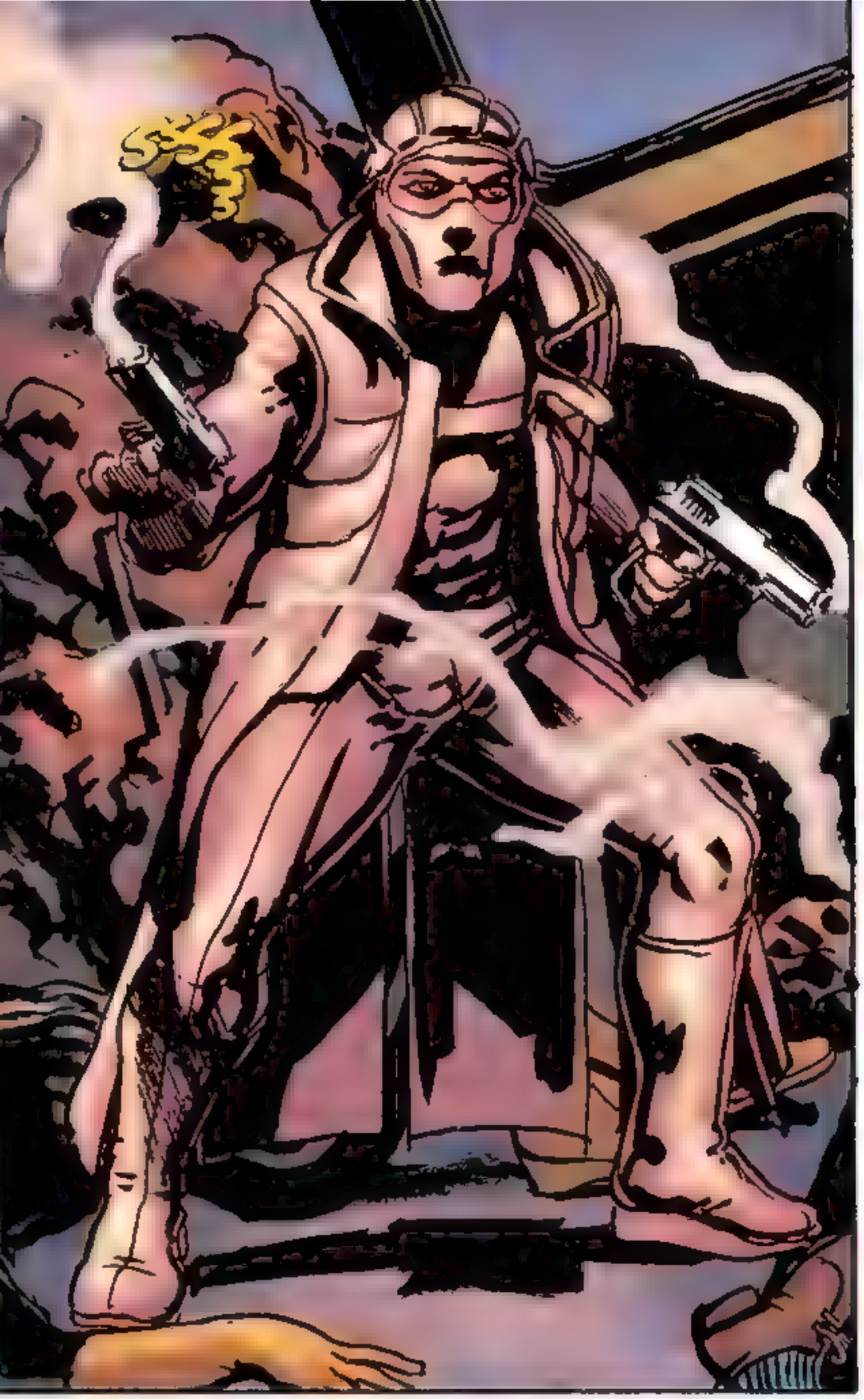

FANTOMEX!
THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE TRAPPED IN THERE!
CAN YOU COVER ME, CHARLES?


JEAN, NO!
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, PROFESSOR XAVIER! ITS TOUCH IS CONTAGIOUS! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF INFECTED PEOPLE AND ANIMALS!
DARKSTAR'S IN THERE. AND SO IS MONET...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, JAMIE.
WE'RE RELIEVING YOU OF DUTY.

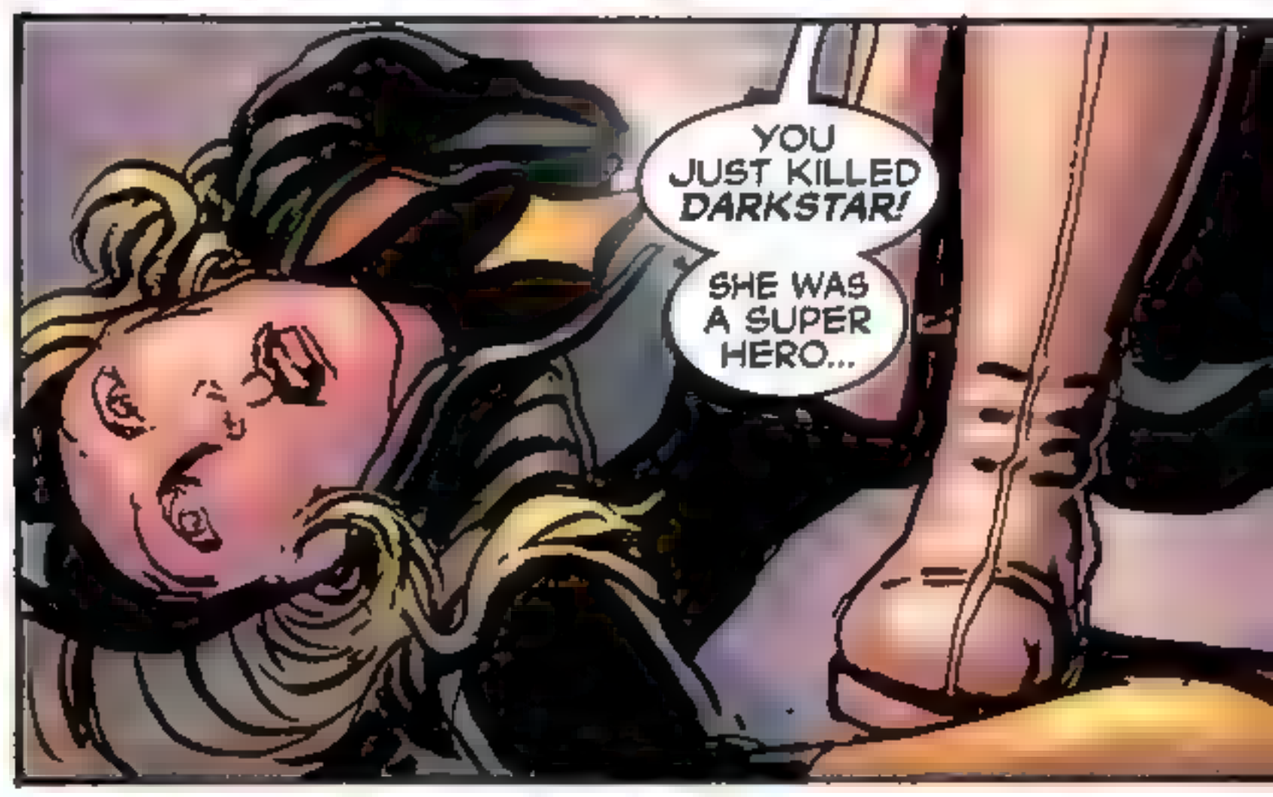

I BELIEVE I CAN BEAT WEAPON XII AT HIS OWN GAME, WITHOUT FURTHER BLOODSHED.
ALL I NEED IS TO BORROW YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

NO BOTHER, CHARLES.
JUST DON'T EVEN TRY TO EXPLAIN IT, EH?
ALL I NEED'S A LITTLE REST, SIR.
THEN REST, JAMIE.
YOU DESERVE IT.
I'LL TAKE TELEPATHIC CONTROL NOW.

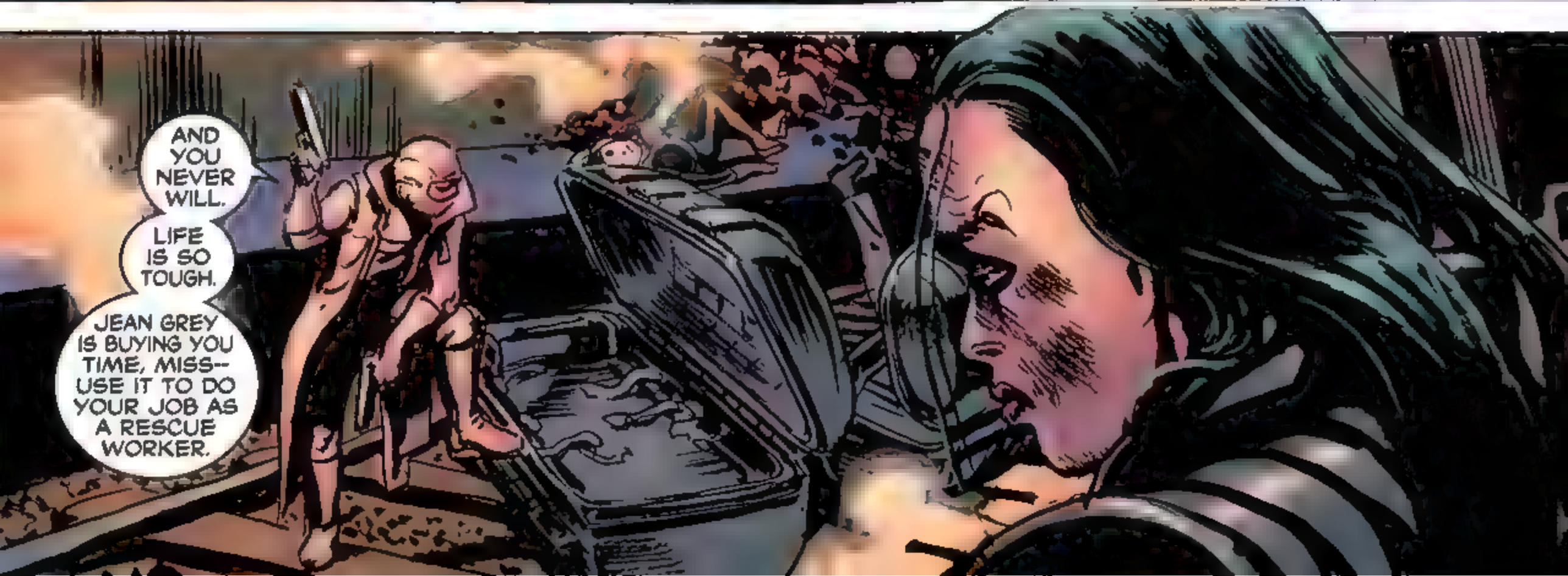
NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME.



YOU LUNATIC NINJA MATRIX FREAK!
YOU KILLED HER!


YOU JUST KILLED DARKSTAR!
SHE WAS A SUPER HERO...

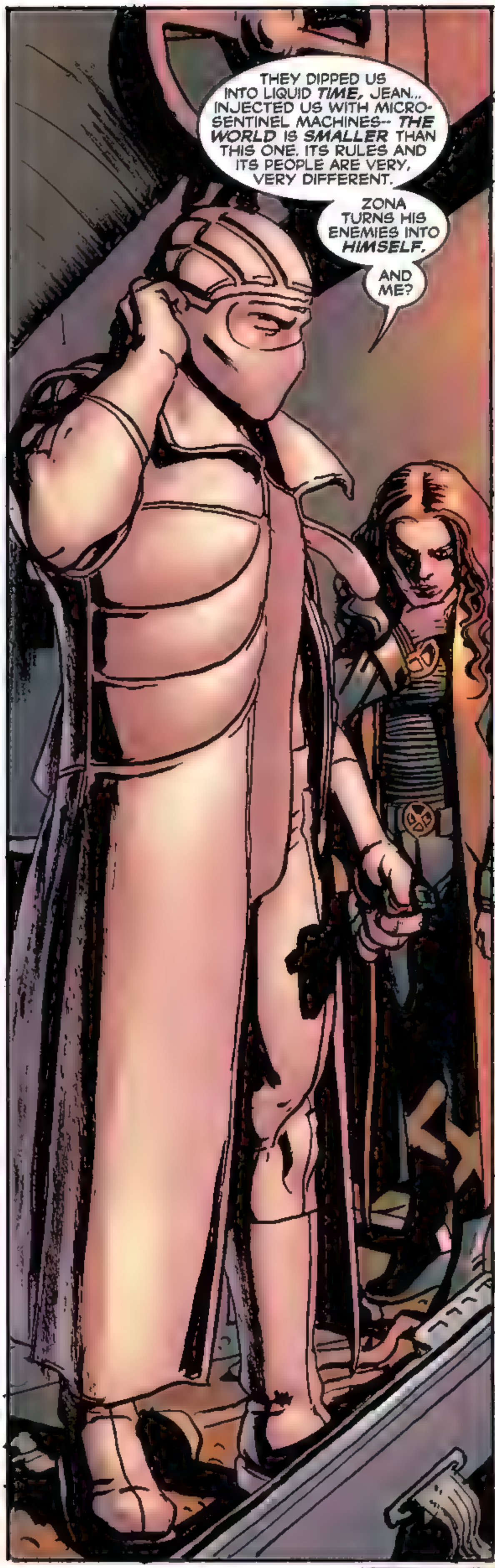
SHE STOPPED BEING HUMAN THE INSTANT WEAPON XII TOUCHED HER.
THE LACK OF ANY GENUINE CONCERN IN YOUR VOCAL MODULATION AND BODY POSTURE--
--TELLS ME THAT SHE WAS ONLY SOME GIRL YOU NEVER MUCH CARED FOR.
AN ASSOCIATE AT BEST, YES?
YOU...
...WE'RE STANDING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS AND YOU...
...I DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO MAKE FRIENDS.

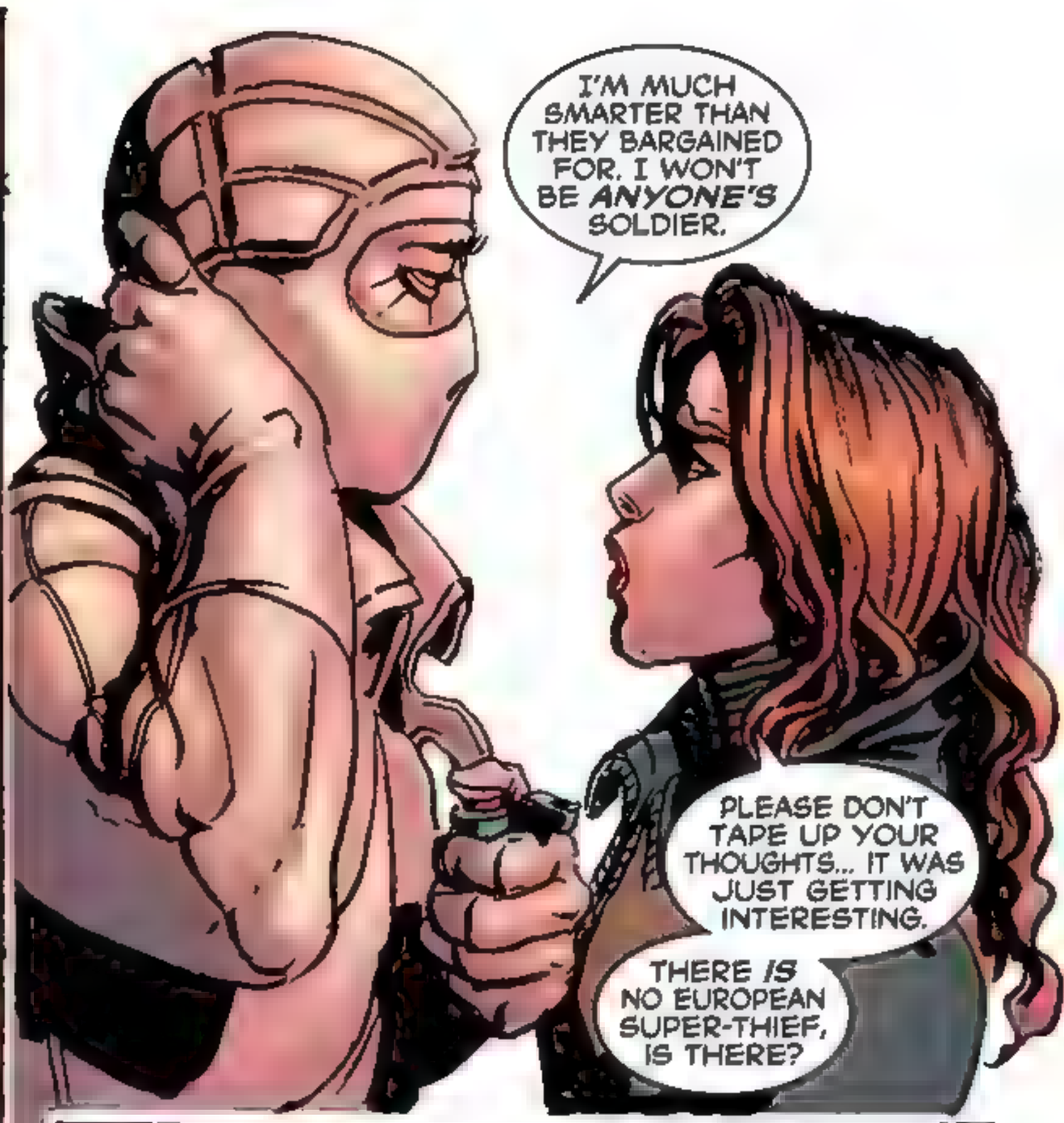

AND YOU NEVER WILL.
LIFE IS SO TOUGH.
JEAN GREY IS BUYING YOU TIME, MISS-- USE IT TO DO YOUR JOB AS A RESCUE WORKER.

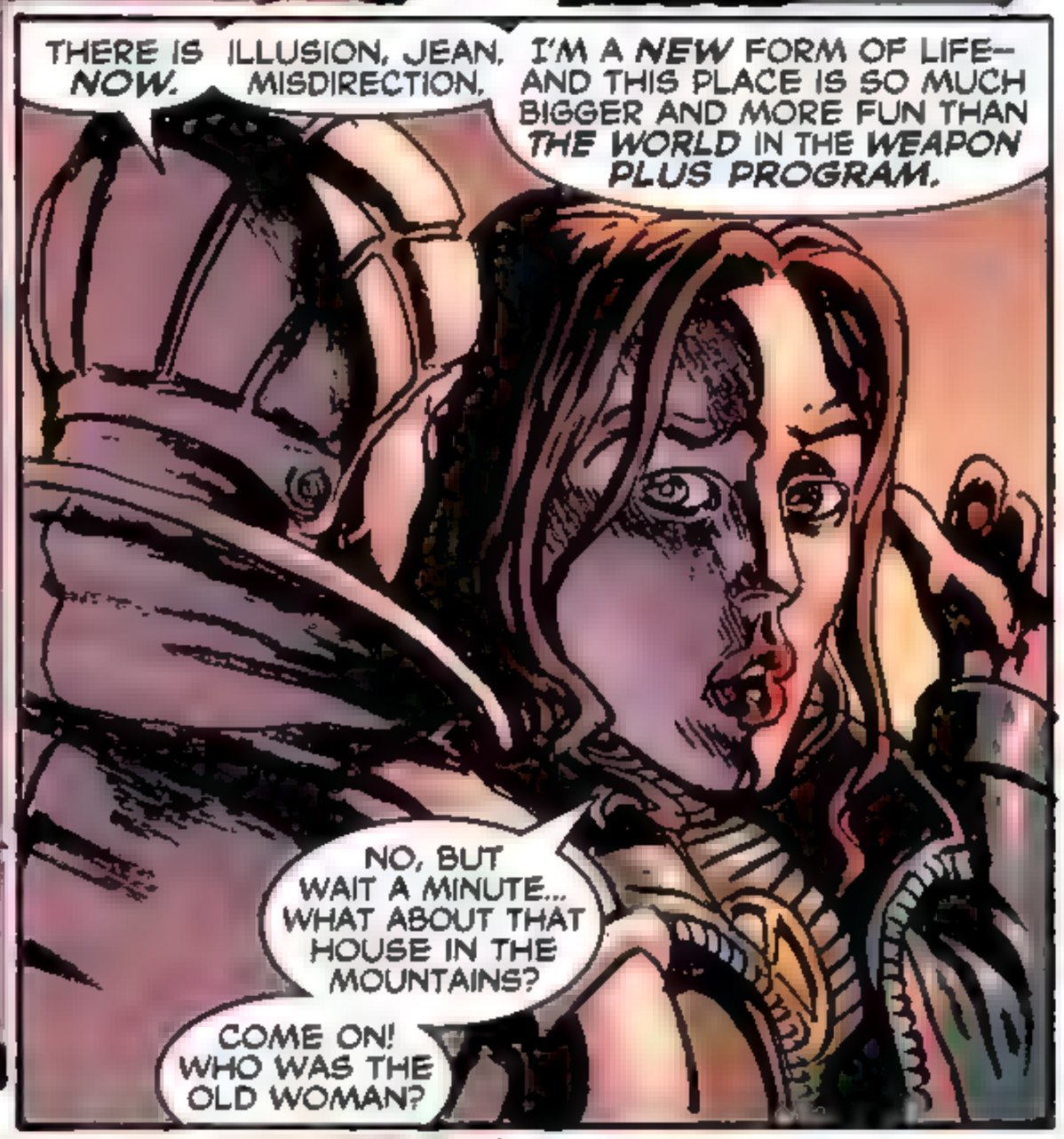
WEAPON XII?
MY NAME IS CHARLES XAVIER.
I TOO CAN SEE
THROUGH A THOUSAND
EYES, AND OPERATE FOUR
THOUSAND LIMBS...
I WAS BORN TO MAKE WAR ON THE MUTANT RACE.
HAS WAR BEGUN?
IS THIS WAR?
HAS WAR BEGUN?

MAKE NEW WORLD FOR MAN!
MAKE WAR IN THE NAME OF ETERNAL MAN!
THIS ISN'T WAR.
CALL IT
MEDICINE
IF YOU
LIKE.

GET THE SURVIVORS OUT, MONET. THE WAY'S CLEAR.
JEAN?
JEAN, THERE WERE NO PASSENGERS IN THE TRAIN.
EVERYTHING WENT NUTS AND... AND HE KILLED DARKSTAR.
BECAUSE IT WASN'T HER ANYMORE. TAKE IT EASY AND WALK SLOWLY BACK TOWARDS THE FLOODLIGHTS, MONET.
FANTOMEX?
HNN?
AH!
AND THIS ONE OTHER...
FANTOMEX?
I HATE TO BRING THIS UP, BUT IF THERE WAS ONLY ONE WEAPON XII...
...WHY ARE THERE TWO OF THESE CAGES?
THIS WAS YOUR POD, WASN'T IT?
AND EVERYTHING ELSE, ALL OF IT WAS A LIE-- THAT'S WHY WE NEVER HEARD OF "FANTOMEX."
OH.
OUR MINDS ARE LEAKING, AREN'T THEY?


THEY DIPPED US INTO LIQUID *TIME,* JEAN... INJECTED US WITH MICRO-SENTINEL MACHINES-- *THE WORLD* IS *SMALLER* THAN THIS ONE. ITS RULES AND ITS PEOPLE ARE VERY, VERY DIFFERENT.
ZONA TURNS HIS ENEMIES INTO *HIMSELF.*
AND ME?


I'M MUCH SMARTER THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR. I WON'T BE *ANYONE'S* SOLDIER.
PLEASE DON'T TAPE UP YOUR THOUGHTS... IT WAS JUST GETTING INTERESTING.
THERE *IS* NO EUROPEAN SUPER-THIEF, IS THERE?


THERE IS *NOW.*
ILLUSION, JEAN, MISDIRECTION.
I'M A *NEW* FORM OF LIFE-- AND THIS PLACE IS SO MUCH BIGGER AND MORE FUN THAN *THE WORLD* IN THE *WEAPON PLUS PROGRAM.*
NO, BUT WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT ABOUT THAT HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS?
COME ON! WHO WAS THE OLD WOMAN?

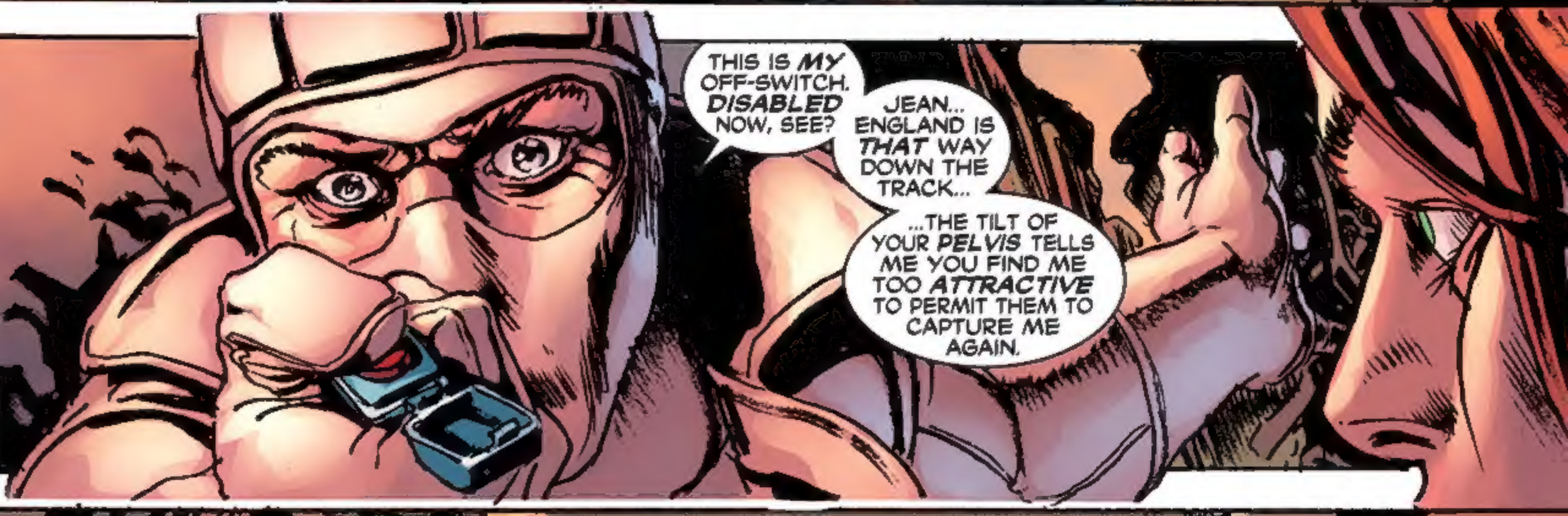
WHAT OLD WOMAN?

HMM.
WE DIDN'T DO THAT, DID WE, JAMIE?
I DIDN'T THINK TOO HARD AT WEAPON XII, DID I?
DO
WHAT
SIR?
FOR CRYING
OUT LOUD.

EVERYBODY'S
DEAD.
YES.
I WAS RATHER HOPING WE COULD... AVOID THIS KIND OF BRUTAL, POINTLESS SOLUTION.
MY GOD. LOOK AT HIS BIZARRE BRANCHING BRAINSTEM SYSTEM... IT'S ALMOST LIKE CORAL...

EVERYBODY.
JEAN GREY'S STILL IN THERE WITH SOME GUN NUT.
HE... HE SHOT DARKSTAR. SHE'S DEAD.
OTHERWISE...
...MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
I THINK.

LIES, FANTOMEX...
WEAPON PLUS IS REAL, THE WORLD IS REAL, BUT THERE'S NO DOSSIER, NO DISC.
THE SECRETS OF THE PROGRAM ARE HERE, IN MY HEAD, AVAILABLE AT A PRICE.


THIS IS MY OFF-SWITCH. DISABLED NOW, SEE?
JEAN... ENGLAND IS THAT WAY DOWN THE TRACK...
...THE TILT OF YOUR PELVIS TELLS ME YOU FIND ME TOO ATTRACTIVE TO PERMIT THEM TO CAPTURE ME AGAIN.

TEN MINUTES OF FALLING DEBRIS, "FANTOMEX."
AU REVOIR.
RUN.

THE X-MEN HAVE THIS DELIBERATELY ENGINEERED "EMERGENCY" UNDER CONTROL.
WE'VE JUST LOST ONE OF OUR RESCUE TEAM, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? WE'RE IN NO MOOD TO PLAY CHIMPANZEE POLITICS...
HEY! I SEEN YOU ON TV, WITH THE LIGHT WHANGING OFF YOUR SWEATY SHAVED HEAD JUST LIKE IT'S DOING NOW.
WELL, YOU LOOK INTO THIS DUMB CHIMPANZEE'S HEAD ALL YOU WANT, YOU BALD-HEADED BIGOT! YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING EXCEPT RE-RUNS OF THE ADULT CHANNEL.
AH.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE JOKING...
LITTLE THING THEY BEEN TEACHING US TO PROTECT THE PRIVACY OF OUR MINDS.
SO HERE'S THE OFFICIAL STORY IF YOU WANT YOUR ACTIVITIES TO CONTINUE TO MEET WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE APPROPRIATE AUTHORITIES. TAKE OR LEAVE, PROFESSOR...
"THE NICE X-MEN WERE ON HAND FOR A BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS ACCIDENT IN THE EUROTUNNEL. MANY LIVES WERE SAVED, BUT ONE FINE, FINE MUTANT DIED A HERO. BOO HOO. WE LOVE YOU."
NOW STEP ASIDE, PLEASE, WHILE WE TAKE BACK WHAT'S OURS AND GET THIS HOLE CLEANED UP.

AH.
SORRY, GUYS... DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT HE SLIPPED RIGHT BY ME.
WEAPON THIRTEEN HAS LEFT THE HOUSE.
END